# A.T.A.C.K.

## Angry Trannies* Against Cops and Kings

*and Dykes, Faggots, etc.

# THE CROSSOVER EPISODE

Issue 16: October/November 2024

## *The Power of God and Anime*

**We missed a couple months of this because, collectively, we were exhausted. We may have mentioned this in the previous issue. And it's understandable, right? The world is exhausting. We're looking at America and wondering whether they will vote to continue their slow decline and decay, or whether they will try to drown themselves in an orgy of blood. The rainy fascist isle we live on is becoming more rainy and more fascist by the day. There are, frankly, very good reasons why we all might feel depressed, scared and tired.**

**So anyway I've been getting really into anime recently.**

**The adventures of Son Goku and Friends have been a constant companion in my life. The series is forty years old this year, and I'm only a little younger. One of my earliest memories is picking up a copy of Dragon Ball Volume 1 in a tiny London comic store and thinking it looked like the coolest thing in the universe. You know what? I was right. Kid me had some good opinions.**

**The stories these shows tell are bombastic, explosive, action-packed and very simple. Good punches evil in the face, evil loses. Death isn't the end, but only a new beginning. Things look bad, but there is always hope for the virtuous.**

**It's the same kind of morality that I guess some people find in God. I've never been able to get behind that, myself. It doesn't feel likely to me that if there was an all-powerful God in the way that the Church preaches, He would allow us to carry on like this. I mean, Goku wouldn't. Why would God be any less moral than Goku?**

**But I understand the impulse. It's nice to think about. To spend a little time, or a lot of time, maybe even an unhealthy amount of time, in a universe which runs by those simple moral rules. Where the good guys win, and the bad guys lose, and you come away feeling energised rather than tired.**

**Akira Toriyama died earlier this year. He was only 68 years old. He had so much vibrancy and life in his stories, it isn't fair that he wasn't alive to see the last of them told. But I hope he knows how much joy he brought to the world. There aren't many artists whose work resonates so strongly with so many people, and I think the core of his story – the simple idea that if we *just work hard enough* we can make a better world and defeat all these villains – is a message we *want* to believe.**

**I don't know if any of this makes sense. It's a cold Monday morning, my government dropped more horror and persecution on my people last week, and next week we'll find out if America has reached another tipping point. The world feels bleak.**

**But I'm glad I have the power of anime on my side to give me a little bit of hope.**

**Also go watch Dragon Ball Daima, it's really fun.**

***Untitled***

**How can g-d be with them?**
**The limbs flying past their heads?**
**Scarred, scarred, scarred**
**Passing horror on as legacy**
**Until there is no one to remember**
**Anymore**

RATS & RIOTS
Subtlety is for cowards
DON'T FORGET YOUR HISTORY
WATER | METAL | OXIDATION

History doesn't repeat itself,
but it often rhymes
RATS & RIOTS

## ***St. Augustine Sins in his Sleep***
## ***(I've Been Dreaming Someone Else)***

***I see them first, smiling across the room***
***with olive skin and bright green eyes***
***that draw me in,***

**I read the news today – oh boy –**
**I read about billionaires building swimming pools**
**and polio in Pakistan and bus-stop beatings**
**and cuts cuts I read about people cut to death**
**and bombs designed specifically to slice**
**and not to tear because when you slice**
**it's harder to stop the bleeding when you slice**
**you can disable and decapitate more easily when you**
**slice you can slice off the head of the hydra**
**when you slice – then on to the next story,**
**a feel good tale about a greeting faced popstar**
**singing for peace in Tel Aviv. I heard another singer**
**standing up to the woke mob and putting his**
**"career" on the line to stand up for the little guy**
**victimised by moralists, to condemn the terrorists**
**and praise the brave fighters of the IDF. How selfless.**
**I'm still thinking about the slicing.**

***I'm in their arms, we're dragging tongue against***
***tongue, both trying to escape our***
***confining cloth.***

**I talked to you about what I'd read**
**and you didn't think much of it.**
***Stop taking life so seriously,*** **you said.**
***If the news upsets you, watch something else***
***instead*****. And I don't feel like I'm doing enough,**
**and you say there's not much I can do,**
**and we're both right. We don't make love anymore,**
**and Ed Sheeran is going for a swim**
**and Nick Cave is spitting on some graves**
**and Morrissey is still singing**
**and it's no wonder everyone is so tired.**

*They fade away, and I return to my bed.*
*Gone is my glee, leaving myself*
*and you beside me;*

**I know it's wrong to take my mind off heady things,**
**wrong to forget myself, and whilst I'm awake**
**I can't shake the words in the paper, the pictures**
**on the screen, the shooting and screaming and slicing.**
**And you seem to realise that I don't think enough of you.**
**Even when I do escape and my mind can find**
**less harrowing images to fixate upon, when self**
**and the world slip away for a few precious minutes,**
**I never look at you, I can't look at you, I can't look at you**
**ever again.**
**I can't look away, and when I can,**
**I can't look at you:**
**I've seen someone else.**

*(un)welcome, through the day, thoughts will*
*come without fail of (un)confessed,*
*(un)willing betrayal.*

# ***Please help! A guide for surviving: Squats, social spaces, occupations***

*originally published by our friends at Clydeside Anarchist Zine*

**Glasgow is slowly losing access to free and unconditional social spaces. In order to exist you need to pay. This text, however, is not a miserable account mourning lost places and pointing out -once more- the everlasting greed of bosses. This text is a plea for radical change. Please participate, I beg you to occupy, build, protect spaces for me to exist unconditionally, minimise my suffering and I'll eliminate yours.**

**If I am not granted my existence, if my workplace and the bar are the main places I socialise I will begin to believe that I have one function: to make and spend money. I become compliant, miserable, stressed and I will never know the reason why because there exists no alternative unless perhaps...**

**Unless perhaps we establish one. I refuse to be reduced to my production of capital and I expect you to do the same. Anarchist identities are not products of theoretical analysis of Kropotkin or Malatesta but an honour to my existence, a way of survival.**

**In order to safeguard my honourable survival I need spaces to do so; I need places of creation or even destruction. By collectivising our needs and establishing autonomous territories, we can demolish preconceptions of life being interlinked with misery, we can discuss, dream and even form futures that strain from constant oppression of all forms. Through constant and ever-changing dismantling of hierarchies of all forms, we can create microcosms of the politics we suggest. A proof that horizontal living is not a utopia, we just need the chance, a geography, to implement it. The existence of social spaces allow one to territorialize their constant struggles.**

**An autonomous space is necessary both within grand narratives and the individual. Despite the benefits of spontaneous actions, institutions for cultivating cultures of reflexes and aid in the construction of consciousness are essential. The Kenmure street protests wouldn't exist if not for established community. A space unequivocally 'ours' retains historical memory. The occupation of a building and its transformation to a community project both creates and honours local histories of resistance and alters histories of oppression through reclaiming them as our own. Its de facto collective nature insists on transfer of knowledge on all levels, from language exchange programs, to political self-education, to politicizing our experiences. If the personal is political as 2nd wave feminists claimed, then there needs to be a place that allows experience to be political.**

**The state has a hegemony in the territories it claims to be its property, an autonomous space, by definition, evades that enforced control. In practical terms, by denying the monopoly of the state, collective care is the only way to protect that space. Whoever partakes in said space protects it and ensures it is sustained. We learn and bond with each other by ensuring the material needs of the space and the dream of an autonomous existence materialises with the space.**

**Squats and occupations are means to demand for our recognition, demand for our inclusion. Inclusion means being allowed to survive with dignity. Our inclusion, our survival must be unconditional. A social space is a way to evade capital as the incentive for our allowance at a space we do not 'own'. We are living in cities where all its geographies are fabricated with capital as the main incentive. In most other spaces, we are allowed to occupy them only as 'plus ones' to our wallets. Only collective refusal will manifest in an existence with no expectation of spending. Having a space for us to connect, discuss, build is the only way to realise and counter our struggles. After all, if I don't have a place to create and sustain protective communities, who will help me once the shit hits the fan?**

**In a world of organised decay, we are our only salvation.**

**SQUAT! OCCUPY! CREATE!**
**EVERYTHING IS OURS CAUSE EVERYTHING IS STOLEN!**

## ***Hanging Around***

**i am a table sometimes a chair often overripe fruit padded insoles potted plants in communion with the robin who eats the berries from my outstretched arms i am there with the seeds that grow whose shoots are devoured and then grow again waiting for shelter planting and replanting and replanting the squirrels are my comrades and subsequently asphalt is my sworn enemy i am a man lying shirtless in the sun i am his daughter who doesn't know yet that she's a woman the grass beneath them the cracks that grow like weeds the mould on my windowsill that now exists only in my head the rust in a bathtub i have formed an alliance with the pigeons and am now living amongst them i am reciting poetry to the rowan tree at the end of my mother's garden i am plotting to take back the land with the foxes she chased off i am breaking bread with seagulls i am listening to the rats as they argue about Lenin i am tangled branches i am interstitial falling between the concrete i am sharing my body with thirty nine trillion other organisms i am being pervaded stray cats are my siblings in struggle i was at the funeral for the river and wait for the day it will come again i extend solidarity to the flies although i think their politics is strange and occasionally hard to grasp i strike with the bees the worms the spiders the slaters and the aphids around us is theirs i am just passing through**

# anarchism starts in the now: hope for a better future
# there is still time

**republished with permission of maia arson crimew**
**best enjoyed at: https://maia.crimew.gay/posts/anarchism-in-the-now/**

## *one:* doom

***"All my siblings wanna swim but it's infested with great whites***
***Tell me if shit changed since Leelah and Blake died***
***Tell me if my best friend's about to be next in line***
***Tell me that I'm brave motherfucker, do you wanna die?"***
**Rural Internet - i am not brave**

**the world is looking dire right now. it seems like everything is worse than it has ever been, or maybe just like things suddenly flipped back to "bad" after a brief period where it seemed to be getting better. but no matter what happened or how, one thing is clear: the number of socially acceptable targets and scapegoats is steadily increasing, the focus shifting constantly.**

**the fascists call us "degenerates", blaming us for all of society's woes, while the liberal "left" throw us under the bus again and again, blaming anyone but themselves for their loss of state power. none of this is new, per se, but the suffocating feeling of this ever-accelerating descent into hell is just as scary. the US has voted four times on a federal level since trump first came to power, and somehow we're still exactly where we left off almost a decade ago.**

**it's paralyzing, really, to see the rights we've fought over for decades—maybe even centuries—eroded away so rapidly all over the world. no matter how predictable this may have been, no amount of "told you so" changes just how shocking it still is.**

**we undeniably are at a turning point of sorts—things are not fine, and this essay does not want to pretend they are. its goal is instead to provide a perspective for a hopeful future at a community level, a perspective beyond voting and party politics. and while clearly sparked by the results of the US election, i did my best to write this for an international audience.**

## *two:* community

***"there is no higher good than the pursuit of self happiness and fun. the act of doing something purely for fun is blindingly good, as it is the action of doing something only to create positivity and put more goodness into the world. [...] the act of having fun creates goodness, which means it is the greatest thing one can do."***
**elena fortune, *manifesto***

**one call pierces sharply through all the vaguely hopeful posts whenever a rightward shift happens, or the state takes another life, or a fascist wins an election, or yet another right is stripped away, or one more senseless war breaks out: "organize!"**

**but what does it really mean to "get organized"? *what is community and how do we find it?* a lot of those posts seem to think of organizing as simply joining a union, a political party or a similar radical organization. to me this feels too hollow, too shortsighted and too often leaves people with more questions than answers.**

**after all, the true heart of any radical movement—of any revolution, *of any kind of community*—is the people supporting it and keeping it alive from behind the front lines. think about the community kitchen that cooks for you; the local bands stoking your morale; the storytellers keeping the memory of your movement alive; the researchers documenting fascists and the state; the queers who organize the parties where you can be unapologetically yourself for a night; the mental health**

and legal support folks making sure you and your friends are safe during and after a demonstration; the people making flyers, art, and zines; the friends you can count on for always being around and full of hope.
no matter if you're at the front lines when we face off against fascists and the state, you play an integral role in keeping the movement thriving. *there's a role for everyone*—no matter your skillset, risk affinity or ablebodiedness.

any kind of community has the *ability* to enact change in this neoliberal individualist society—*any kind*. this includes not just the examples at the start of this section, but also your local friend circle, your city's underground music scene, your polycule, your local book club, your group chat or really any other group of people. hell, even conservatives have used this to their advantage for decades now—it's one of the reasons why homeowners' associations and groups of "concerned parents" are so damn good at politicizing whatever the hell they want to.

we slowly build a future for ourselves by fostering communities of all kinds, creating lifelong bonds and friendships, making *collective memories* of moments where time stops just for a little bit as we sit around a fire and have fun, refusing to give up our love for each other through all hatred. because no matter how fun it is to imagine the current system laying in ashes before us, actually getting there is meaningless if we have nothing to *fill that void with*.

when i think of community *i think of friendships*, of friend groups, the people who share my dream for a better future. i think about the people i've gone to protests with, the people i've ran away from cops and fascists with, the people who've tended to my health afterward, the people i've hacked governments and corporations with, the online music communities that rebuilt my hope when i was on the verge of throwing in the towel, the people i've moshed with at local shows and all the people i can run to when it feels like everything is just too much. there isn't "the community", *there are many communities* that every single one of us are a part of.

to me, the problem with any community solely dedicated to "doing politics", whatever that may be, is that the only thing that tends to hold it together is the unifying force of anger. and while that rage and resentment may be powerful in the short term, it is integral for any community to also share more positive emotions; the fun times are the glue holding us together and keeping our spirits high. we cannot just fight, *we have to live to be able to fight*. anarchism is about togetherness, and we can only achieve this by coming together not just to fight but also to have fun and laugh together, even if only for a bit.

## *three:* hope

*"We are in crisis.*
*Crisis is opportunity. I absolutely do not want to celebrate the fact that we are in crisis. It is not good. But it affords certain opportunities, ones that we need to engage with."*
Margaret Killjoy, *The Sky is Falling; We've Got This* (2024)

it is in this togetherness, this feeling of belonging and this common joy, where i find my hope for the future. anarchism is alive in the here and now; our bright future is being molded within the bleak present. autonomous DIY venues, squats, small-scale occupations and entire autonomous regions show us how a different, non-authoritarian future is not only possible but also already happening.

more and more people are growing disillusioned with the status quo, and while many of them join mass actions, be it on the street or online, we can't be content with just that. make friends at protests, help people figure out their place in the movement, give each other community. this is how we keep up the momentum, how we keep our hope for a better future alive. we have a chance to turn our shared anger at this moment into shared love for each other—a chance to keep going.

it's this hope that makes us powerful. it's this hope that keeps us and those around us going. it's too easy to fall into a doomer mindset, to just go "it's joever", but doom won't save us: we can't build a

better world on nihilism. *spite alone can get you far, but it will never make you happy*. as cheesy as it sounds, one thing all the easy-to-share optimistic posts are right about is that love, hope and friendship will always be some of the most radical acts we can do.

hope alone obviously doesn't *lead* us to this future, but without it we have no reason to raise our arms, to rebel and tear down the systems holding us back. it is this hope in a world full of doom that creates solidarity in crisis, this hope that organically leads to mutual aid in natural disasters, this hope that leads people to pick up guns and fight for their community when an army tries to tear their world apart. *why fight to survive if we don't allow ourselves to truly live until our very last breath?*

autonomy is the result of hope in moments of crisis, and our love, hope and friendship is the glue that holds it together. anarchism is a human response to oppression, to our world falling apart around us, to having no one left but each other. anarchism has always been everywhere. *anarchism starts in the now*.

further reading

- The Anarchist FAQ Editorial Collective, *An Anarchist FAQ* (2020)
- Adam Gary Lewis, *Imagining autonomy on stolen land* (2017)
- Phineas Fisher, *Hack Back: A DIY Guide* (2017)
- Subcowmandante Marcos, *Hack Back: A DIY guide to robbing banks* (2019)
- maia arson crimew, *stop studying cybersecurity because of me* (2024)

footnotes

1. i mean, it's not like im from the US myself ↩

if you enjoyed this or any of my other work feel free to support me on my ko-fi. this is my main source of income so anything goes a long way, and monthly contributions help tremendously with budgeting. <3 -

https://ko-fi.com/nyancrimew

# There are dreadful things.

**To the "staunch defenders of gender norms", I am your dragon. I will build my lair of your bones, I will raid your settlements, I will steal your womenfolk. There is no Saint George among you, and my scales are built of collapsed stars. I am a hungry maw. Come and get me.**

**To the "respectable transgender people": don't worry, I see you. Your grovelling for headpats won't save you in the end. Accepting mistreatment won't save you. Choosing palatable identities won't save you. You will not be saved. Join us or be eaten. There are no other roads. Everyone knows what happens to traitors.**

**To the "allies," if you aren't complicit in my crimes then you are complicit in theirs. There will be no fencesitting, I will eat the leg dangled before me. And remember that helping me gives you no special treatment. You deserve none. You are not my kind. My kind is old, vile, slithering. My kind lurks in gutters and watches for opportunity. We don't wear a human mask, we don't become pets. My kind watches you stumble in the deep woods at night and picks you off one by one. My kind inspires myth. We scar your culture with tragedy.**

**We will not make space for you. You don't belong. Go back to huddle around your fires and avoid shadowed corners. Hope that we remember you fondly, and not with hungry eyes.**

**As a favored author of mine wrote, "There are dreadful things."**

**We are they.**

# Petitioner, Beware

**To those who expect to be treated with humanity despite naming us terrorists, deviants, monsters:**

**Caveat precator.**

**You wanted devils and you got what you wanted. The sages knew: do not call up what you cannot put down.**

**You have called up the whole abyss.**

**Caveat precator.**

**You did not keep your circles drawn close. There is no rite of banishment. We are here now.**

**The power in the blood you shed has not dissipated. We remember each drop. Not one name is lost: we feel the ones we do not know.**

**For every curse you bestowed upon us: caveat precator.**

**Caveat precator.**

**You wanted hellfire and damnation, and now the sun will rise like arson. You asked for desolation and there will be no landscape so bleak.**

**You asked for an adversary.**

**You got what you wanted.**

**Why would you be surprised?**

**Caveat precator to everyone who builds themselves monsters to burn in effigy. You have ignored the power of words for too long. Wishes really do come true, and they have teeth and talons and thoughts like bombs.**

**There is no future but the hell you forged. The doors are barred.**

**Your application has been received. Your comment has been observed. Your request has been granted. Congratulations.**

**Caveat precator.**
**Ruin comes for you all.**
**Caveat precator.**
**There will be no graves to mark you.**
**Caveat precator.**

**Petitioner, beware.**

# BORDERS AREN’T FUCKING REAL

**"We must control our borders."**

**Borders are imaginary lines on a map. They have no mass, no colour, no spin, no charge. They have no physical property to be controlled. So when you say "we must control our borders" you're advocating controlling people. Living, breathing people, controlling where they may or may not be.**

**Of course, "we must deport all of the brown people, as is our right" would make the weak-hearted "centrists" so you phrase it as "borders" like the cowardly sneak you are.**

# HEY!

You.

Yeah, you.

You look like you've got something to say.

Come shout it with us.

ATACK is an electronically published zine we encourage everyone to save, send, share, print, promote, and propagate at will.

We will never own up to distributing it.

Yell any submissions to atackuk@proton.me

Or at people in the street but we can't promise to publish those.